

Ghost

by Oasisssss

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Summary: She thinks she sees him several times in the ensuing months... then she actually sees him. (Sequel to Grief and Red String.)

Ghost

****Hello! Again, explanation for why this is being posted again is in the note before _Grief_, which you should've read if you're reading this :p If you haven't, please read _Grief_ and _Red String_! They're prequels. That's how that kind of thing works ;)*****

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* * *

><p>She thinks she sees him several times in the ensuing months.<p>

In the shot glass the night they drink to him.

Standing on the other end of the lacrosse field when Scott has his first game without him " truly _without_ him.

In the side mirror of Scott's car when he comes to pick her up after she finds herself sleepwalking again, two months after his death. She doesn't scream this time. This is just normal sleepwalking, thank God. She finds the idea of his ghost walking with her comforting.

She thinks she hears him, too.

"_Lydia, wake up,"_ the first time she has the recurring nightmare of the vision she had of his death.

"_You're all right,"_ when Scott can't find the words to comfort her

after he picks her up from her sleepwalking adventure.

"_I'm right here."_

"_I'm right here."_

Then she actually sees him.

#

No one in the pack advocates total sobriety. The wolves can't get drunk, but they drink anyway. _Lydia_ can get drunk, though, and she does every so often. It's Friday night, the night before spring break, and she's just had a birthday, so she feels perfectly in the right drinking a little Crown and coke while she does some light reading, brushing up on her archaic Latin. That knowledge has proven useful, after all.

It's just after midnight when she reaches for the bottle of whiskey to refill her cup. It's only her second, and she's taking it slow, so she's _sure_ she's not seeing things as a side effect of the intoxication when she sees his eyes reflected in the bottle. They're almost the same color as the liquor.

"What?" she whispers as she inspects the bottle.

"Lydia."

She drops the bottle and gasps as she turns toward the sound " and there he stands, in all his tall, skinny, pale glory. He looks so alive, if not for a slight ethereal glow.

"Stiles?" she breathes, struggling to her feet, heart hammering in his chest.

He's wearing the same thing he was when she last saw him " his insufferable red and white plaid, white t-shirt, scuffed up blue jeans, and dirty Nike shoes " and he's looking at her like he always did. He's holding his arms out, and she takes a shaky step toward him, but he drops them.

"I can't touch you. I wish I could. I wish I could hug you, but I can't."

And she's crying again, for the first time in almost two months " it's been almost five since his death and she falls to the floor. She leans back against the dresser, wraps her arms around his knees, and stares at the beautiful ghostly boy in front of her.

If ghosts could cry, he would flood the room in tears. If ghosts could feel pain, his heart would be aching at the sight of her. He sits cross-legged in front of her, and she mimics the way he's sitting.

"You've been doing well," he says. "You had me worried at first, but you've been doing well."

"The pack offers really good support," she whispers, sniffing.
"Scott, especially."

"That shouldn't be surprising to you."

"I had you worried, you said. Soâ€¦ you _have_ been watching."

"That shouldn't be surprising, either."

"It's not. It's justâ€¦ It's nice to hear."

"I miss you."

She's taken aback by that. _He_ left _her_, after all. "You miss me?" she snaps, much too harshly.

"I do," he says sadly, intoxicating eyes pleading, and she knows he knows what she's thinking.

She says it out loud anyway. "You left me, Stiles."

"I left everything," he whispered. "I left things behind I thought would be _worth_ leaving behind. Youâ€¦ You weren't. I could stand the pain of loving you unrequitedly. Parrish was telling the truth that day. That wasn't why I did it. I could stand the pain of that."

"Then why'd you do it, Stiles?"

"Parts of me were still void. Parts of me still felt guilty over the nogitsune's crimes. Parts of me still felt guilty over Donovanâ€¦ and parts of me were dead already. The stress got to me, and I was drunk that night, andâ€¦ I had a panic attack, andâ€¦ I just lost myself."

"You could've called."

"I don't know why I didn't."

"You regret it?"

He nods, and he makes a face like he's crying, but no tears come out. She wants so desperately to comfort him that she actually reaches for him, but pulls back when she remembers.

"You regret it?" she asks again. "Would you come back if you could?"

"I'm still here, Lydia," he whispers.

"Would you come back to life if you could?"

He chews his lip for a second. He turns his head toward the bathroom for a second, and then turns back to her. His eyes hold ferocity like none she's ever seen in a living thing, passion like none she'd ever seen in Stiles. "Say it."

"Say what?" A shiver of fear runs through her in spite of herself.

"Say what you said to Parrish that day."

It's not anger she's seeing in his eyes. It's not an authoritative

demand; it's not _fierce_, it's _intense_. It's ardent, it's begging.

"Tell me what you told him, Lydia."

"I love you, Stiles," she breathes, no sound from her lips, just air from her lungs. She tries again, and she wants to say it so the whole world can hear. "I love you, Stiles."

He sits back, and a genuine smile lights up his ghostly face. "You just gave me life, sweetheart."

"Stiles," she whispers.

"I love you, Lydia Martin, and I'm happy you're okay. I love you, and I want you to be happy. I know you've been pushing Parrish away, and while he understands, he's good for you. If you want him, have him. I want you to do that if it makes you happy."

"Why are you talking like you're about to leave?"

"I'm not leaving. I'll always be here. I didn't have to tell you, but you knew it the day of the burial. The day you burned my note. You know I'll always be watching over you."

He stands up, and she starts crying again. "Don't go, Stiles, please."

"Be sure to put the liquor away and get in bed when you wake up," he says.

"Stiles!" she cries, and she tries to stand up and stop him from leaving, but she's glued to the floor and the image in front of her is fadingâ€¦

#

She opens her eyes and finds herself sitting in the middle of the floor, resting her head against the massive Latin dictionary in her lap. The whiskey bottle is still in her hand.

"Stiles?" she whispers to the room, but she already knows it's empty.

A cool breeze blows through the room, and she realizes with a start that the window is open, but she never opened it.

After the cold shock is gone, her happiness warms her up. She puts the whiskey back in the liquor cabinet where she found it, and just before she gets in bed, she closes the window.

She settles beneath her blankets, and reaches to turn her lamp off, but she notices something in the middle of the floor. Her breath catches in her throat when she realizes what it is.

She stands up and picks the red string up off the floor, tangles it between her fingers for a few moments as she recalls Stiles' words, and ties it around her wrist before getting back in bed and drifting off to sleep.

"_I'm right here. I'm right here, Lydia."_

And for the first time since he died, she really is okay.

End
file.